



On Active Service

WITH THE AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE

"At an American Army Camp", August 22, 1917.

My dearest Folks:

This letter is being written with the typewriter propped up on a chair out on the green grass beside an unfinished Y. M. C. A. at one of the American camps nearest the present German lines, where such heavy fighting has been going on for the past few days. About thirty yards in front of me is a most beautiful little falls in the stream; to my left are the rolling hills and the golden grain, where even at the moment the old French peasant is wielding his old fashioned scythe; to my right rises the spire of the village church, and in the churchyard the military band is playing, with the soldiers lounging around after their hard day's drill; while at the rear is as glorious a sunset as one could wish to see. It is just such a scene as the artist likes to paint, and helps to draw one nearer to the great heart of God.

In the stillness of the night we can hear the intermittent boom of the great guns in the big push that is now going on. Indeed, we are actually within range of the heaviest of the German guns; although, of course, there is no likelihood of their wasting ammunition with random and aimless firing. A day or two ago a battle in the air between twenty or thirty German and French aeroplanes was distinctly visible from the place where I am now sitting. Several times a night I am awakened by the sharp challenge of the sentry, Halt!, as some straggler or perhaps an American or French soldier on night duty passed on the military road. At 2 o'clock this morning I was awakened by machine gun fire, from squads of our boys out on night manouvers. The long strings of military trucks and Red Cross ambulances on their way to and from the front help one to realize that war is actually being waged, almost before our very eyes.

For some days I have been helping out at one of the American Y. M. C. A. huts just a few miles from here. Early and late I have been selling chocolate, cakes, tobacco, ginger ale, tooth paste, razor blades, etc., or handing out writing paper, magazines, books or games to the endless stream of men who frequent the building when off duty. On Sunday I had the opportunity of speaking to them twice, and after the evening meeting more than 40 of them were enrolled in a Bible class, which is to meet three times a week - these miscellaneous characters were made by an old French gentleman who just strolled up and wanted to see what I was doing; he couldn't speak English nor could I understand him, yet I made out that he wanted to try the machine - hence this interpolation) - as I was saying, this class is to meet three times a week. Last night I led in the first session. We took our chairs out under the trees on the green grass, and for

forty-minutes we talked about "the Joy of Jesus". It was great to see the way in which they responded. I am hoping that great things will come out of this class.

Today I was moved down to take charge of this hut which is to be opened tomorrow night. All day tomorrow we shall be busy putting on the finishing touches, getting ready for the grand rush in the evening. After this I will have no time to sit out on the grass in the dusk and meditate upon the beauties of nature. Such things as "Gimm'e a pack o' Three Castles", or "Two of them franc Toblers", or "How do you get the top off this soda pop?", or "When are you goin' to get some Bull Durham?", or "Is it a fact that three cargoes of the Y. M. C. A. stuff has been sunk by the subs?", or "Why don't you get some ice cream?", or "Wee, wee", will be more pressing and to the point. I shall be holding forth in this hut alone and have no doubt that I will manage to find something to do to keep me from getting the gout. It is a great old life, and I wouldn't miss being here for a great deal. These fellows are the most generous and open-minded chaps that I have run across, and it is a privilege to be able to come into such close touch with them. I hope to get in some good licks for the Master while here. They boys are most eager indeed to talk with you, not only about baseball and hero stories, but also about the deeper problems of their lives. How my heart does go out to them.

I suppose I shall remain on here until time for Mr. Eddy to start for China, although I am not sure about this. I know of no place I would rather be over here than with our own troops. It is a fine climax to the experience of these months to be able to have some part, even though it be ever so small, in the work that is being done for our boys in this distant land. My thoughts and prayers are constantly with you these days, and I have absolute faith that the good Father will protect and guide us all, even though thousands of miles are between us.

Good-night and God bless you, dearies,

Ever lovingly yours,

Kirby

*you would love this
place, with its
miniature Niagara Falls.*

CENTRAL CHURCH, DISCIPLES OF CHRIST

FOUNDED 1810

142 WEST 81ST STREET, NEW YORK

TELEPHONE, 7286 SCHUYLER

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FINIS S. IDLEMAN, D.D., MINISTER
RESIDENCE, 375 CENTRAL PARK WEST
CLARENCE L. SAGER, GENERAL SECRETARY
142 WEST 81ST STREET

Springfield, Ct
Aug 23/17

My Dear Bro Page: -

I do not know how to view myself
for not having answered your good letter except to
lead farm and family. We have been taking
the alternative of Fred's advice about "Farm
or Army". And since I could not "Army" I chose
farm. We have put up 25 tons of hay for the allies!
It has been a glorious experience. While I feel guilty
that we should be here in such quiet when
the world is in such struggle yet I expect
I have been doing as much good here as
I could anywhere. It is has been a busy
summer - 300 acres and all the respon-
sibility attached to such a farm has taxed
me greatly. We are in the edge of the Great West
with beautiful scenery. The isolation is complete
and you can imagine what a change it is from
New York apartment life

I have read your letter to my
friends and all have enjoyed hearing from
the front through one who has such deep

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concern in all that belongs to the welfare and
good of the race. You are signally blessed in your
fellowship in the work you doing. It is
trying but peculiarly challenging. It will
be a striking contrast to do evangelistic work
in China after your experience among
the soldiers. One marked by restless restlessness - one
by endless patience. In it all you will
find yourself rich in all that you will need
for your life's work. We shall not forget you,
nor all the sacred embargoes upon which the
whole company is embarked.

I will return to N.Y. Sept 5th and
try to find my people. They have scattered
from Ilanders to the Cape of Good Hope - where
human now is! What a parish!

We shall be glad to hear your
message when you return - Let us know
about your work in the meantime -

With Sincere Fellowship -
Finis Idleman

All is moving well in America. Wilson is
guarding the people's interest in food & fuel
Speculators are retreating. Coal prices
are fixed. Food will be plenty if
only properly distributed.

Houston, Texas, August 24, 1917.

Dear Mother:-

You will notice from the Post that we had a terrible time last night; on account of mutiny and riot on the part of the negro soldiers here. Many terrible things were done but the authorities have the trouble in hand this afternoon. We all escaped safely and do thank the Lord for it. We did not know about it until morning when we received the paper. Alma had an awful night as the worst was just three blocks from them and every white person that showed a head was shot at. No one was hurt at her house though. I write briefly to let you know that the Lord preserved us in it all. It is just a prelude to the Tribulation period and a sign of the times. It surely means that Jesus will come soon to catch His own away before the worst storm the earth has ever known breaks, to run 7 years too. The Post will keep you advised as to the situation. Rest assured that we are all well and not touched in the least. God bless you.

Lovingly,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read 'Leak', written in dark ink.

1.

Copy to
Shanghai.

617 Bethje St.,
Houston, Texas.
August 27, 1917.

Dearest Daddy:

You needn't think that you are the only one who can have a little excitement now and then. We may not be able to rig up an air raid on London, but we can have a race riot. They have had six hundred negro regular troops here for the purpose of guarding while the construction of camp Logan was going on. The outcome of the whole affair is the fact that Northern Negroes and Southern whites can't possibly mix. It is better to find it out now than to wait until there were several thousand here in training. Houston is scheduled to get the Illinois troops and it is now doubtful if they will send the Illinois negroes here to train.

Last thursday night things were pretty quiet after an extremely warm day and a shower in the late afternoon, and the street car company had gotten their trolley wire as far as the front of our house and left the car with a big spool of it just in front of us with a negro watchman. Just about eight thirty Johnnie got in, having been in town late and as she stepped in the gate we heard shots begin to fire. The atmosphere was extremely clear and they sounded just outside our door and up in the air. We at first thought it was a fire signal and later thought it was merely an electrical disturbance in the air as the sounds would come immediately after flashes of lightning. It was quite dark and we could see nothing and everyone in the neighborhood was exchanging opinions when one man said he never heard bullets whiz in any kind of atmospheric disturbance and just about that time a volley was fired all at once. Needless to say, everyone ducked in the house and put out their lights and waited breathlessly for developments. They came, all around us, within a block of the house on three sides. There were about a hundred and fifty of them but they got drunk (so much for whiskey) and started out to kill the whites. We saw them marching down Brunner avenue toward San Felipe. The rest of the negro troops tried to bring them in but were unsuccessful. There were a couple of thousand of the Illinois men here, but all they had as yet were uniforms and they could do nothing. At midnight the town was put under martial law and troops rushed from Galveston and San Antonio. All work was stopped and the people stayed at home from work as they were afraid they couldn't get back in the evening as the whole camp and West End were guarded well and everyone stopped and searched. They disarmed the remainder of the troops and hunted the bad ones. Saturday morning they shipped them to New Mexico again and I don't know what they are going to do with the accused ones. Some have not been caught yet, but make sure that they will get short shift if the Houston people get hold of them first. Martial law was lifted Saturday night. About nineteen killed and twenty or more wounded.

My only grievance with life at present is that I can't get enough watermelon. Mother and I both claim that they taste better this year than they ever tasted before. Anyway they are good, and I could eat them for breakfast every day if I could get them, but they are getting scarce now and the price is going too high.

The boy is getting as saucy as you please and you would die laughing at him sometimes. He is getting very well trained to fold his hands while the blessing is being said. If anyone happens to rest their head on their hand or arm and say they are tired, he immediately follows suit. "He is so tired"

We had a local option election recently but the wets won. However the recent riot will help other places and finally help out Houston, as liquor was at the bottom of it all. I see in yesterday's paper that Houston is also to have an aviation camp, to be located several miles south of the city. I doubt if this letter will reach you in London, as it seems to take about twenty four days most of the time for letters to get here.

I shall not try to cable you direct when the event comes off but will telegraph Mr. Holdren as he will know how to reach you if you should happen to be moving around.

With much love and many prayers, I am,

Ever yours,

Alma.

617 Bethje Street
Houston, Texas.
August 25, 1917.

Dear Mother:

Well, we have had it for sure, but it is all over ~~at~~ with now and everything is quiet again. They have had six hundred (Northern) negro troops here to act as guards during the construction of Camp Logan, but night before last about a hundred and fifty of them decided that the Houston white people had not treated them right, and having had a plentiful supply of liquor, obtained for them by negro women, they started out to shoot up the town, and I must say that they succeeded very well, as this is the worst race riot in the history of Texas, I think, or at least since the civil war. All together, about twenty people were killed, and twenty or more wounded. Several people were killed or wounded only a block or two from our house. We just happened to be on a side street and did not get shot up any, but I can safely say that everyone in the neighborhood was pretty thoroughly frightened and willing to stay under cover. About two companies of the negroes took part while three companies refused to have anything to do with it, except that a number tried to turn the others back, and many went ahead of the mob and warned white people, thus saving many in that way. It all started about eight thirty in the evening and Johnnie had just gotten inside the gate as the first shot was fired. We didn't know what the trouble was for quite a while, as it had been terribly warm all day and a shower in the late afternoon and it was still thundering and lightning all around, and then too they are stringing the trolley wire in front of us and had gotten as far as the front of our house and we thought perhaps that had something to do with it as the sounds were so perfectly clear and came from up in the air most of the time. However, when we did begin to get it through our thick heads that that was what was the matter, we went inside and put out all the lights and stayed up and listened until after midnight. They marched down the shell road just a block from our house at one time and we saw them plainly. They only shot where they could see lights or hear people talking, or when they met anyone in the street. Some they would kill without mercy and others they would let go unhurt. There were unused shells scattered all around, and some of them even lost their belts.

The people all kept perfectly quiet and saved many more accidents. The men were helpless to do anything as they could not go and leave the women folks alone in the houses and then too, a single shot fired would have only drawn more shots from them and made them angrier. Many of the telephone wires were out of order and people could not get through to town, but some did and a number of officers came out and several were killed.

A mob of enraged white people came out from town, but by that time the regular troops were out and stopped them. The mob would only have been able to have a pitched battle with the negroes who took no part and killed innocent and frightened negro laborers and also many men of the mob would have been killed. The place was put under martial law immediately and soldiers came in from Galveston and San Antonio and they still out looking for the negroes who did the cutting up. Many of them have been caught and were supposed to be court-martialed this morning. It is thought that they have most of them by this morning, and I hope so at any rate. Of course, there will be some few who have gotten into civilian clothes and may never be caught, but you can take it from me, as soon as they sobered and realized what they were doing they were sensible enough to keep out of the reach of more danger and won't try anything else until they get drunk and will finally be caught up with as you know a negro can't keep his mouth, especially when he is drunk and bragging sometime or other will lead them to be caught.

The boy is getting to feel much better now and is willing to play by himself and still wants a bucket or book. Then too, he is getting more accustomed to the place. he likes to feed the rabbits and chickens and is very fond of the porch swing.

I hope you are all feeling well now and that the recent rains did not do any damage to speak of.

With much love, I am,

Yours,

Alma.

AMERICAN



ON ACTIVE SERVICE

WITH THE

AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE

Aug. 29 1917

My sweet wife:

Just a note to tell you again how much I love you and how badly I miss you. In view of what you said in the first letter written after arriving in Houston, I shall expect a cable somewhat earlier. Am all excited over the prospect of twins. The only thing that would suit me better would be triplets!

If we come by way of America we will land in New York about September 25th. I shall very hard to come by the southern route, but am not at all sure that I can make it as we may have to go direct in order to catch the boat at Frisco. It is not determined whether or not we are to go by way of Russia or the States.

Am sorry that Kirby Jr has
been sick, but hope he is all
right now. Suppose he is
gradually learning to talk. Surely
hope I can see you all soon.
With much love

Yours
Kirby

AMERICAN
YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

TELEPHONE
MUSEUM 3410



45 BEDFORD SQUARE,
LONDON, W.C. 1

Paris, August 30, 1917.

My darling Mother:

I am remembering that today is your birthday and only wish that I could be with you in person to tell you how much I love you. As the years go by I appreciate more and more what your love and care has meant and is meaning to me. If I am ever able to do anything in life it will be because of the foundations which you so well laid in my younger days. It will never be known how much was involved in that heroic and sacrificial decision you made with reference to my going to college. Even yet I am ashamed of myself when I think how I left you when you so much needed me. The way you have sacrificed yourself all these years for us is beyond praise, and I know we have never

appreciated one-tenth part of all that you have done for us. Somehow, my own shortcomings in this regard are pressing in upon me with new force these days. Mother dear, I do love you with all my heart even if I don't always show it, and I hope to do better in the future. I know that your greatest reward comes when you know that your boys are living worth while lives and that the world is a little better place because of your success in training them. I pray daily for humility of spirit, but I do know that the Lord is preparing me for greater service in the future, if I can only pay the price in devotion. Any little good I am able to do is your contribution to mankind, and I am sure that Leak & Purry would say the same. After all the only thing that really counts in life is the good one is able to do.

AMERICAN
YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

TELEPHONE
MUSEUM 3410



45 BEDFORD SQUARE,
LONDON, W.C. 1

I am so anxious to see you again and have a heart to heart talk. It now looks reasonably sure that we will come by way of America, sailing from Bordeaux or Liverpool on September 8th, arriving in New York about the 20th if we sail from Bordeaux and or about the 17th if we go from Liverpool, which is likely. We are due to sail from Vancouver, British Columbia, about Sept. 27th. So if we are not delayed in reaching N. Y. I could cross U. S. by the southern route and have a day in Houston. If I cable N. Y. on the 8th that we are starting and they forward it to you by wire you would have time to get to Houston before I do. I will ask them to wire you funds for the journey, and

I do hope that nothing will prevent your meeting me there. What a joyful reunion it would be! Would it be possible for Perry to be there too? I would so love to see him. You could remain on for a good visit with Leah & Norma & Alma. Incidentally, you would get to see your new grandchild, not to mention the privilege of having the two Kirbys hug you around the neck! Now I know you will come. Bring Perry along if you can.

I am a little afraid this letter will not reach you in time but hope so anyway. At any rate I will cable in time for you to get to Houston by the time I do. I can hardly hold myself in, so anxious am I to see all of you again.

So give my love to Mr. Murry and tell him we would like to have him come also, if all of you can get away at once. I love you, mother o' mine.

your boy

Kirby

AMERICAN
YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

TELEPHONE
MUSEUM 3410



45 BEDFORD SQUARE,
LONDON, W.C. 1

Paris, aug. 30, '97.

My Alma:

It now looks reasonably sure that we will sail from Liverpool on Sept. 8, arriving N. Y. about Sept. 17th, or from Bordeaux, arriving N. Y. about the 20th. We are due to leave Vancouver, (British Columbia), on Sept. 27th, so I may get to come by Houston. I have written mother, and when I find out definitely will cable her, to meet me in Houston when I come through.

Don't we have a great old time if we can all get together again! I can hardly wait. I am looking for a cable before I sail. I do hope that all is well with you. Will write you tomorrow.

With love to all

your loving husband
Kirby

Houston, Texas, 8)30-1917.

Dear Mother:-

I am remembering that today is your birthday and we are sending you a Bible Atlas as a token of our love and good wishes. We have these charts on a large canvas 36 x 54 that we use to teach from and you will find the study quite interesting and helpful. You can use it on your neighbors when they come in and you will be surprised how fast you can instruct others. We want you to use it as much as you can. We both hope that you will live until Jesus comes, which will only be a short time now, and that you will be caught up with us to meet the Lord in the air, taken from this old sin cursed earth to heaven without dying. How glorious that will be. We formerly wished people to live many, many years but now since we have learned of His soon Coming we always wish them something better than to live for years and years in sin, suffering, misery, and disappointment. So may you have His peace and His strength to sustain you until the dear Lord Jesus comes. It will certainly be a personal visible, literal return to the earth. Do not let anyone deprive you of this Hope.

Your letter came today; glad to hear from you. We still want you to come to visit us as soon as you can. Houston is quiet again and we are thankful. Norma went to Chigger yesterday; I staid home and slept and rested. More later. God bless and keep our dear Mother.

Leak & Norma

Thacheray Hotel.
September 1, 1917.

Dear Kirby,

I have this minute finished "The Cross or the sword," and while your words are hot in my mind I want to tell you how much I love you for saying all you've said, for you've uttered my heart.

These three months have been not all I had hoped they might be in regard to development of thought along these lines - I've shamefully allowed the press and urge of immediate duty to crowd out much needed time for reflection. And yet I have not been altogether indolent in thinking rigidly along these lines - and the result has been - "naturally," we would say - that my former convictions have been strengthened and intensified. I had thought of writing out my conclusions and the mental journey thereto at the first opportunity

and returned here to dear old Max and
found you had done this self. same
thing, and most creditably. Thanks
much - just on my account. I
have so much to tell you - and
am so anxious to see you ^{in order} that
we may really go over the whole
matter again - it's so utterly satisfying.
I think you are decidedly ~~are~~ on
the right track - so here's my hand,
and heart, cause I'm with you !!!

We're crossing over to France Monday
to enter American work, I suppose.
This at the suggestion of Carter and
Max, and of course my hearty approval.
At a later personal petition from me
the church has extended my leave
until December 15 - or Christmas, and
also I'm unbearably lonesome, nevertheless
I feel it my duty to stay as long as I
can. Jack and I have had a wonderful
time, and a most beneficial holiday season,
and were quite ready for this year again.

Much love to you - always!!

As ever
Henry A. Crane

AMERICAN



On Active Service WITH THE AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE

Waiting for the Boat at Havre, Sept. 6, 1917.

My dear Mother:

This letter is being written with the typewriter propped up on my suitcase while I am waiting for the custom officials to put in appearance. I should have sailed last night, but since the boat did not go I stayed here.

Recently I have been thinking a good deal about the future for you and Mr. Murry. From what I know of Oklahoma and from what Alma says I am convinced that it would not be wise for you to try to spend another winter there. It is too trying even for a young person in good health, and it seems to me to be foolishness for you two to try it another season. Then too Mr. Murry ought not to try to farm the land another year. It is too hard on him and he ought not to do it. I believe I have a plan which will make it unnecessary for you to try to stick it out there another year.

For a long time my conscience has been bothering me because of my neglect of you, and I want to try to quiet it down now, hence this proposal. What I would suggest is that you go to East Texas or some other place where the climate is mild, and rent a place with a few acres, just large enough for a pasture for a cow, some chickens and pigs; perhaps with a nice little spring of pure water; a small orchard; and that you settle down and take life easy for a while, after all these years of strenuous labor. You both live simply and it would not take much to keep you going, especially as you would have your own milk and butter, vegetables and fruit, etc.

In another three or four months Alma and I will be free of debt, having paid off \$800 by that time since I began with Mr. Eddy. We will then be in a position to easily spare \$20 or \$25 a month to help make things easier for you. We should have been doing this all of the time, but simply have not done it. Alma is as anxious to do this as I am, and it simply must be arranged.

I know that Mr. Murry does not want to sell his place, after he has labored so hard for it all these years, and I do not blame him. I do think he will agree with me though that neither he nor you ought to work so hard or to try to stay through another winter. What I would suggest is that you should take a trip together to East Texas and see what you can find, and make whatever arrangements are necessary to move without loss of time. I enclose herewith a check for \$50 to cover a portion of the expense of the trip. Winter will soon be here and there is no

AMERICAN



On Active Service WITH THE AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE

-2-

time to lose. I know from old of your hesitancy to let anybody help you, but I simply will not take no in this case. You must not attempt to spend another winter in Oklahoma. I know that Leak will agree with all that I am saying and that he with me will insist on your going to a milder climate.

✓ The tide has again turned and it looks now as though we would go by way of Russia after all, although it is still uncertain. In case I do not come by way of America now, I will surely see you when I return in the spring, by which time I hope you will be somewhere near Houston. There is every reason why you should not try to endure that climate and none why you should. I do hope that you will not lose any time, but will make some immediate arrangements to change before winter sets in. I will send a duplicate of this letter from England, with a duplicate check, which you will destroy if the original shows up. I can easily spare this and insist upon your using it. I shall write a longer letter giving the news when I reach London.

With much love to all three of you,

Affectionately your boy,

Kirby

TIMES AND PLACES OF HOLDING COURT.

At Houston—Fourth Monday in February and September.
At Laredo—Third Monday in April and second Monday in November.
At Victoria—Fourth Monday in November and first Monday in May.
At Brownsville—Second Monday in May and first Monday in December.
At Corpus Christi—First Monday in January and fourth Monday in May.
At Galveston—Second Monday in January and first Monday in June.

Department of Justice.

OFFICE OF

United States Attorney,

SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF TEXAS.

Houston, Texas.

Sept. 19, 1917.

Mr. D. W. Cooley, Secy.,
Harris County Exemption Board,
Houston, Texas.

Dear Sir:

This introduces to you Mr. Kirby Page, who informs me that he was not in the United States on registration day, being in England at that time. Mr. page has just returned to the United States, and desires to comply with the law by registering at his first opportunity.

I, therefore, suggest that you register him, and if possible assign him a number that has been called and where an exemption has been granted to the previous holder. If necessary, I suggest that you wire the Adjutant General at Austin and arrange to have this number assigned Mr. Page.

I make this request for the reason that Mr. Page has exhibited to me a certificate of his ordination as a Minister in the Church of Christ, and states that he is engaged in evangelistic work, and is arranging to go to China, and that his passports will be delivered to him as soon as his exemption certificate is presented.

If you are unable to comply with all of the suggestions in this letter, I request that you at least register Mr. Page.

Respectfully,

John E. Guinn
United States Attorney

JEG-O

Local Board for Harris County

State of Texas

BOARD:

H. B. RICE, CHAIRMAN
DR. B. V. ELLIS
DENTON W. COOLEY

HOUSTON, TEXAS,
September 19th, 1917.

Dr. S. J. Smith, Chairman,
District Board, Southern District of Texas,
City.

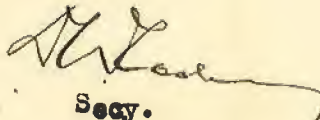
Dear Doctor Smith:

At the instance of Mr. John E. Green,
U. S. District Attorney, this Board has today registered
Kirby Page, Ordained Minister representing the Inter-
national Y. M. C. A. enroute to China.

Mr. Page was in England upon regular
registration day, which accounts for his registration
at this time, and he is very anxious to immediately
proceed to his duties abroad.

It is not possible for us to give him
a number, as his card must be forwarded to the Adjutant
General's Department at Austin for this formality.

Respectfully,


Secy.

124 EAST 28TH STREET
NEW YORK

(Paris).

My dearest, sweetest, happiest little mother:

a thousand million kisses for you and the new darling. You are always in my thoughts these days, and I am rejoicing with you in the wondrous gift that the Lord has bestowed upon us. What a truly wonderful thing it is to have a little life given into our keeping! I am filled with awe when I think of all that this life may mean to the world and to the Kingdom of God. There are infinite possibilities and powers wrapped up in the wee morsel. May the gracious Father lead us

as we seek to train and develop this precious little body. Thousands of people may be blessed if we can only do our part in directing this life. I shall pray incessantly for superhuman guidance and power. What a privilege to be a co-worker with God!

When I think of all the joy and happiness that Kirby has brought into our home, I wonder if it is possible for our cup to be any fuller! And yet even the anticipation of the coming of the new life has deepened my joy. What the realization will be like, I can only imagine. What wonderful happiness the Father is giving us!

I am not unmindful of all that you have gone through in bringing this darling into the world. You are the bravest and sweetest little mother ever. I simply adore you. I am sure that you will be sustained and strengthened by a higher Presence. My prayers are following you continuously and I am certain that His will is to be done.

Kiss both the little dears a thousand times for me, and tell Kirby I love him even more than ever. What a wonderfully happy time there is in store for us when I return!

It is quite impossible for me to tell you how very much you mean to me and how very dearly I love you, sweetheart of mine. Your love is teaching me something of the wondrous love of God. In your mother-heart I see something of the Father-heart of God. May He guide us into a more complete knowledge and a fuller surrender to Him.

I love you, Alma my wife, with all of my nature. I do love you, I do, I do!

Devotedly & lovingly your husband
Kirby

You know that I would be with you if I could!

HOTELS
UNDER THE COMPANY'S MANAGEMENT.



BLETCHLEY,
STATION HOTEL,
TELEGRAMS, BESTOTEL, BLETCHLEY.

CREWE,
CREWE ARMS HOTEL,
TELEGRAMS, BESTOTEL, CREWE,
TELEPHONE, CREWE, 21.

PRESTON,
PARK HOTEL,
TELEGRAMS, BESTOTEL, PRESTON,
TELEPHONE, PRESTON 186.

LONDON,
EUSTON HOTEL,
TELEGRAMS,
BESTOTEL EUSQUARE, LONDON,
TELEPHONE, MUSEUM 3000.

BIRMINGHAM,
QUEENS HOTEL,
TELEGRAMS,
BESTOTEL, BIRMINGHAM,
TELEPHONE, CENTRAL 5531.

HOLYHEAD,
STATION HOTEL,
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TELEPHONE, HOLYHEAD, P.O. E4.

GREENORE,
GREENORE HOTEL,
TELEGRAMS, BESTOTEL, GREENORE.

DUBLIN,
NORTH WESTERN HOTEL,
TELEGRAMS, NORTHWESTERN HOTEL, DUBLIN,
TELEPHONE, DUBLIN 1291.

LIVERPOOL,
NORTH WESTERN HOTEL,
TELEGRAMS,
BESTOTEL, LIVERPOOL,
TELEPHONE, ROYAL 2960.

NORTH WESTERN HOTEL,

LIVERPOOL. Sept. 8 1917

Sweetheart Alma:

Just a line to tell ~~to~~ you
how very much I love you
and how often I think of you
these days. I hope to reach
you before this letter does,
but should anything happen,
I want you to know that
I have a feeling of
absolute certainty that
God's will is going to be

done, for you and for me.
I have no fears for either
of us and am leaving it
all in the hands of our
loving Father. How your
faith in Him has strengthened
me! I am eager to get
word from you but am not
worried in the least.

I love you, I do, I do!
Kisses for the babies - and for
my friend-sweetheart-wife-mother.

Ever lovingly yours

Kirby

Danville, Va.

Sept. 14, 1877.

Dear Kirby:—

You are indeed richly blessed these days, for in all this tearing down and destructive process, yours is the part of helping hold together and making firmer the belief in the better things and the trust that somehow things must come right and the Fatherhood of God and Brotherhood of man rule in the hearts of every person.

You may think that because I have not written

power that does not come easily.

It is, and I can see the viewpoint of the young Australian, hard indeed to think of the better and higher things these days, but somehow I feel that God is, and that He is somehow rather distant from this war, rather letting the ambitious individuality of nations fight it out. Through His mercy He has tried to show us the way, and is it right for us to believe that Democracy as we see it is His way? I believe it is, but I may be far wrong.

Perhaps you would like to know a few things about school life these past two years. Of course you know that the teaching staff is about the same, with but few exceptions, one chiefly the resignation of Dean Evans, and the new appointment of Ex Governor Clarke, as Dean of the Law College. This I believe will be a great boost for Drake.

Athletics have been rather irregular for we have been going good at times, while again we were rotten. I made my "D" both in

that I have not enjoyed your letters, but Kirby you are wrong, for your letters have meant more to me than I can yet realize and possibly more than you will ever realize. I always look forward with keen desire when I get a letter with the New York return, for I know that I am going to be made the richer.

Your experiences are always very interesting and I know from the tone of your letters that your whole heart goes out to the men you are working with and for. And this feeling sort of gives me a steady

football and basketball, and I sincerely feel that I would have made one in track if I had not been bothered with a broken leg troubling me from the Mo. game of football. It crippled me up in basket-ball, but I was able to hobble around and make the team enough to win my letter. But when it came to getting out on the track and doing real stretching out, I just couldn't do it.

But it hurt me to miss the Ames game last fall, for I wanted to play against Ames almost as badly as Grinnell.

although school does not begin until
the 24th

I have managed to keep up in
my studies to such an extent that
I am classified as a Junior and
have a clean slate to begin with.

I plan on making this year my
biggest year all around. I have
been working to get hold of a
good preaching point for the school
year, but have not been successful
as yet, but am not discouraged.

Dian Caldwell, of Bible Dept. is
a mighty fine fellow and a good
live wire, so that I am not worrying
so very much about my being able
to locate a church.

I had quite a summer full of
experience, being out with three other
fellows from the house and Padg.
on Chautauqua work.

And then to cap the summer's
work and pleasure, I had the
extreme honor of performing
Harry Padgham's wedding ceremony.

But we have this year before us,
and although we are badly
disrupted by the war, yet we
will have a fairly good team
and will try to make good.

We have lost Elage as a
Coach, he having received a
good offer from a small college
in Col. and owing to the fact
that his folks lived there and
his wife's health was so much
better there, he accepted.

We are getting a man
acquainted with our situation,
and acquainted with mid-
western foot-ball, and will
start work about next week

Yes! he was married the 1st
of Sept. to Miss Orris of Stanton,
Neb. and they had a formal
Church wedding.

Can you see this boy in
full dress, white silk gloves,
and hard boiled shirt?

Well I could have looked worse,
and more frightened, but
not very easily. Ha! Ha!

I am now visiting a
particularly good friend of
mine here in southern Ca.

And we plan on going back
to school to-gether Mon.
Separately of course, but yet on

You are brave Kirby and you have
a mighty brave little Helmut and
son, home here pulling for you,
and I want you to know that they
are not the only ones for I remember
you each day, and sometimes often
than that. Because I am real
proud of you, and count your
friendship the kind to be valued
highly.

I know that there is no
use for me to tell you to have
courage, and yet I want you
to know that this is my wish
and my prayer, that your life
of service shall not be spent in
vain I am sure, and if you can
just hold that in mind and
feel proud of yourself because of
it, I know that you shall win.

God speed and bless you and
yours Always,

Fraternally Yours

Ralph H. Saff.

the same train, therefore together.

My Brother Ceal, who was
a freshman at Drake last
year and whom you met at
the house, was drawn in
the first Army and is now
at Camp Dodge. He enjoys
it real well, only of course
it is going to be rather
lonesome for him. But since
he is right near Des Moines,
I will be able to see him
more or less and help him
through his lonesome hours.
Des Moines is real busy now.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1917.

Moral Peril to American Troops Greater Than the Physical Ones

Large Spending Money and Absence of Restraining Influences Around Army Camps Constitute a Real Problem for Men in France, Kirby Page, Y. M. C. A. Worker, Writes.

American soldiers in France are up against a moral problem that is almost as serious and difficult of solution as the military problem of breaking through the German lines in the opinion of Kirby Page, well known Y. M. C. A. worker and singer, who is at present engaged in war Y. M. C. A. work among the American troops. And he is of the opinion—announced in the press dispatches as being held by General J. J. Pershing—that the American soldiers are more subject to these temptations to immorality than the French and British soldiers by reason of the fact that they have larger volumes of spending money than do the others of the allied fighters.

Mr. Page, well known to Chronicle readers through previous contributions in these columns, writes very interestingly of conditions as he found them along the western front, especially as they relate to the American troops, and his letter is reproduced as follows:

Somewhere in France.
August 8, 1917.

My Dear Friends: Upon alighting at our destination we were readily distinguished by the Y. M. C. A. secretaries who were awaiting our arrival, by our American army uniforms, with the bronze initials U. S.-Y. M. C. A. upon the collars. Here in this little French village a thousand "Sammies" are stationed, and

the whole place is alive with the khaki uniform. Every available shed, stable or barn loft is filled with these wideawake, generous, warm-hearted, bronzed boys of Mexican border fame.

One could not but be impressed with the moral dangers confronting these men in this far away land. In the first place, the very nature of the life they are living and the work they are doing is not conducive to the highest morality. Several hours each day are spent in bayonet and target practice, the handling of grenades and the throwing of bombs, experimenting with poison gas and liquid fire—all of which have one object, namely proficiency in the art of destruction of the enemy. In addition to this there is always a certain amount of drudgery and unpleasant work that must be done about the camp. Stables must be cleaned, streets swept, garbage cans removed and various other sanitary measures taken. By the end of the strenuous day every man is dog-tired, and anxious for any kind of diversion or amusement.

o o o

Attractions Are Immoral.

What are the available means of recreation? The French village offers three choices: the wine and liquor house, the gambling resort, and the house of immorality. The soldier can take his choice of these.

There are no moving pictures, no theatres, no social gathering places of refinement. The problem is intensified by the fact that the enlisted man in the American army draws from \$35 to \$90 a month, while the private in the French army gets 6 cents a day, or \$1.80 a month. Does it take a vivid imagination to enable one to understand what will happen to these men during the long winter that is before them? Tired out with the routine and drudgery of the day, far away from all the steadying influences of home, with profanity, obscenity, drinking and immorality taken for granted, with plenty of money in their pockets, and with the subtle tempter or temptress ever present, is it any wonder that our boys are going down before this flood of temptation like chaff before the storm?

In the green pasture just outside the village is the large tent and athletic field of the Y. M. C. A., with its red triangle, symbolizing the three-fold work it is attempting to do among these soldiers. This is the only place in the village where the men can gather under refining influences and in a wholesome atmosphere. The association is seeking to minister to the whole man—body, mind and spirit, and one of the strongest of the city association secretaries of America is in charge. A pine board hut is being erected near the tent and will be ready for occupancy within a few days. In the tent, toward evening, scores of men can be seen writing letters upon the paper provided by the association, others are reading the home papers or the books from the circulating library; groups of men are gathered about the folding billiard tables, while others are buying chocolate, cakes, etc., at the counter, and the ever-present phonograph is doing its bit. Outside a baseball game is in progress, and from the vociferous rooters along the third base line comes the familiar cry, "Atta Boy!" which we have not heard for a good many days. Still others are kicking a Spalding football around the lot. Just outside the tent is an improvised boxing ring and a little black-

haired chap is pounding the stuffin' out of his larger opponent, much to the amusement of the hundred spectators. Other small groups are lying around on the grass, taking life easy, after the toil of the day.

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What Evening Offers.

At 6:30 the regimental band appears on the scene for an hour's concert outside the tent. Following this an officer gets upon a table and announces that Dr. Eddy will speak upon his experiences among the soldiers of the various armies. For 15 minutes he tells about some of his many interesting experiences and gets the attention of the men. Then he talks for 30 minutes upon the moral problems of camp life and pleads for clean living, making a profound impression upon those present. After the meeting I had a most unusual talk with a chap from Des Moines. When he came to the meeting he was slightly under the influence of drink, but at the close he came up and asked me for a New Testament, saying that he was a Roman Catholic, but that he would like to have a Testament. This gave me an opportunity to talk with him and we went off by ourselves and sat down on the grass. I found out that he had two brothers who had graduated from Drake and that we knew a lot of people in common. For 30 minutes we talked earnestly upon the things that really count, and found that we agreed upon more of the fundamental points than we realized. He said that he believed that Jesus Christ is the son of God and his personal savior, that he realized the sinfulness of his own life and his need of divine help in the midst of the temptations of that village, that he wanted to give up his sins, and that he would ask God to help him. There, upon that grass, he uttered what he told me was the first audible prayer of the 24 years of his life, as the tears streamed down his cheeks. I shall not soon forget that prayer.

How it does make one's heart ache to think, on the one hand, of the terrific moral temptations that

are pouring in upon our men; and, on the other hand, of all that they shall undergo during these next months in the way of physical suffering, agony and death, in the muddy trenches and water-soaked dug-outs, in the face of poison gas, liquid fire, bayonet steel, machine gun bullets and bits of shrapnel.

◇ ◇ ◇

Hard to Love Enemies.

Just before I left London the other day, while riding upon a bus, a chap in the Australian uniform sidled up to me and said: "Say, partner, could you tell me where a fellow could get a little something to drink?" Upon my suggesting that he had better leave it alone, that it would surely get the better of him, he replied: "There you go, the same old story that my dad has been telling me all my life." And, as he was in a talkative mood, he continued: "You see, my father is a Christian. He has made his pile and lives a secluded life. It's all right for him to be a Christian. But, say, you ought to see the things that I see every day. Do you know what they are teaching us down in the camp where I am stationed? The best way to put a bayonet through a German! The Bible says to love your enemies, and my father can do that where he is, but down in the camp or out at the front it can't be done." The parson may be able to explain how you can love your enemy and at the same time run him through, but somehow this simple-minded Australian soldier was not able to understand it. One can not but wonder how many others there are with a like difficulty.

The other night I happened to be in a railway station when an ambulance train pulled in. The long platform was entirely covered with rows of stretchers, and scores of Red Cross doctors, nurses and stretcher bearers were on hand. In the station a glee club of Welsh soldiers was singing for the wounded as they passed by, between the long rows of women and young girls, who were tossing flowers on the coats of the sufferers. It was a pathetic sight to see these brave fellows raise themselves up and, with a smile, wave their appreciation to the crowds. While we were at the station three separate drafts of men, with cheer and song, marched by to board the train bound for the front. No one knows how many of them will lie beneath the sod of the battlefield, or come back on stretchers, with legs or arms gone, eyesight destroyed or lungs shattered by the poison gas. What a price we are paying in our efforts to achieve human freedom!

◇ ◇ ◇

Some Further Plans Ahead.

Mr. Eddy has started on another long tour through the British camps, and I am to spend the next seven weeks in work with the American troops in the various camps. It is a wonderful privilege, indeed. At the end of September we start for China, by way of the North Sea, Norway, Russia and the Trans-Siberian Railway, where Mr. Eddy begins his long campaign on October 27. After September 1 all letters should be addressed to me care Young Men's Christian Association, 3 Quinsan Gardens, Shanghai, China. I received good news from my wife and Kirby, Jr. They are with Alma's mother at 617 Bethje Street, Houston, Texas. John Roberts and William Roosa are just starting for Young Men's Christian Association work with the British troops in India and Mesopotamia, after some months with the soldiers in England, where they have been doing most excellent work.

If you know how much I enjoy letters from home while I am away off here, you would certainly write to me often. I am definitely counting upon your continued and earnest prayer. Ever sincerely yours,

MACKAY TELEGRAPH-CABLE COMPANY



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Mrs Kirby Page

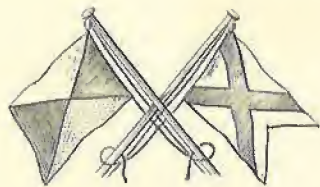
617 Bethje St, Houston Texas

Landed safely arrive Houston seven Wednesday morning Katy Flyer am
so happy over marys arrival can hardly wait to see
you and her and kirby much love secure full information
regarding Military exemption

Kirby

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To
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Time
9:15
10:17



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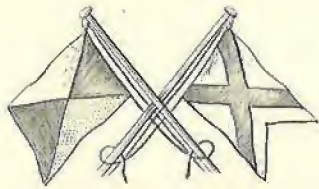
September 26, 1917.

My dear Kirby,

I don't know where this will find you or whether it will get you at all or not but I will risk a few lines anyway. We are at present on the Red Sea having a great time trying to "roast" and succeeding pretty well most of the time.

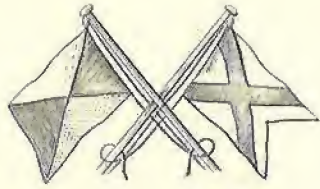
We have had a great time since leaving London almost a month ago. We were very sorry that we just missed you in Paris, but you got there a day too soon. I suppose that perhaps we passed some place between Havre and Paris. Our trip thru France was most interesting, especially as it was the first time for us and besides we had great sport in trying to tell them what we wanted. The most of the people at the hotels, etc knew just about as little English as we did French and it was a "grand and glorious time" that we had for the first day or so. Of course we saw Havre pretty well and then we were sent on to Paris. Here we certainly hit the high places in true American style, but we did see some territory. Wish we could have been there with you so that you could have shown us around a bit. We got to see the most of the places from the outside and got some time in such places as Notre Dame, etc. There are some great places there and we are hoping that we may have more time to see them when we return. As we got in there at night and had had a pretty hard day we did not get to see Paris at night as we should like to have done, but we can use a little imagination from what we saw elsewhere.

On the way from Paris to Marseilles John and I stopped at Avignon where we had a very fine time. Perhaps you can by a great effort stir up a faint recollection from the days of Prof. Clark's Church History Class that at one time the Papacy had its seat at this old French town. Well, I had some such recollection when I saw it on our route so we made our plans to spend a day there and it was eminently worth while. If you ever get around in that part of the country don't miss the chance to see it. The old Palace of the Popes there is the most impressive old ruin that I have seen. It is a great old castle with tremendous walls perhaps 150 feet high, great halls, courts, and battlements much more impregnable than the most of the



P. & O. S. N. Co.
S. S.

castles that we saw in England. We were unmolested by any such superfluity as a guide and as a consequence were able to go all over the whole thing and see it thoroughly. We went up thru the old towers and winding stairways until we came to the big tiled roof on top. By wandering out on this we got a fine view of the city and surrounding country. It is situated right in the Rhone valley with the River winding around at the foot of the cliff on which the Palace is built. Across the River are a number of old castles and forts of various sorts, dating back for hundreds of years. The old town itself is the most antique place we saw in ~~the~~ France, with its old stone wall, 600 to 800 years old, its uniform stone houses with red tiled roofs, and the narrow winding streets, like those of an Oriental city. In the background on all sides were the wooded slopes of the mountains rising away in the distance. Beside the Castle was the old Chapel of the Popes (I don't remember its name just now) where is the Papal chair as well as the tombs of some of the Popes who ruled there. It is quite small compared with some of the Churches we have seen but one of the most beautiful and impressive. I wish we could get some churches in our country with that beauty and spirit of reverence which pervades these old sanctuaries of Europe. I think we have lost a great deal by revolting against all of these things simply because they were a part of Romanism. At night while in Avignon we took advantage of the opportunity to see a ~~xx~~ cinema just to get an impression of what they are like in France. And it was an experience! The crowd howled very vociferously for some minutes before the thing started, and then when it did get going it was difficult to see the thing for a very long time as about every five or ten minutes the film would break ~~on~~ the lights would go out (I mean the fuse) because of a heavy storm which was in progress. The rain came down in torrents, and the roof was ~~far~~ from rainproof. Added to all this, the pictures were "punk" and what ones were decent had all the comments in French, and they consistently took them off the screen before we had deciphered half of it. I think that we endured about 45 minutes of it and then decided that duty called us elsewhere, though it was pouring down rain with fearful regularity and vigor.



P. & O. S. N. Co.
S. S.

P. & O.

B. I.

At Marseilles we joined the rest of our party and spent some days there in preparing for the trip - or rather in waiting for the ship to make preparations. While there we saw some unique sights, some of which I will not attempt to describe in a letter. The street situation at night there was so open and insistent that it has London backed off the map. It seemed to be taken for granted by everyone that soliciting, etc., was anormal phase of the city's life, and there was apparently no moral revolt against it to a very large extent. But the real "rank" phase of it was the way in which it was forced upon the attention of people right in the day time, and every day - especially Sunday - in the districts near the docks. The whole system is licensed and of course has police protection. As a matter of fact we saw several policemen around there taking in the whole situation just as unconcernedly as we would pass a man running a lemonade stand or selling colored balloons on the street. I didn't imagine that such a system could exist in the 20th century in a European country, but there it is. If John and I could have spoken French we would know more about some phases of the situation, but as it was we were almost hopeless. Even at that we were given plenty of opportunities to see so ething of it.

But I will turn to more pleasant subjects. We have had a splendid trip on the whole and have enjoyed it very much. Have had the opportunity of landing at about every port wherethe ship has stopped, and seeing some of the sights. I can't be specific now on this subject but will say that we have had some very profitable stops. We are reading a good deal on Mohammedanism, Hinduism, and various other phases of Indian life and thought. Prof. Archer is giving us some good information and suggestions along these lines, which are really his field of study.

We are anxious to hear of your work, and how you are succeeding in carrying out your plans. We think of you often and will be more than pleased to hear of the success of your work. We think we will probably get to Mesopotamia though there is nothing definite as yet. At any rate the best thing is to address us at Wodehouse Road, Fort, Bombay, India; c/o Y.M.C.A. John may want to add a note before I send this.

As ever, yours, *Bio*

The International Committee of Young Men's Christian Associations
124 East Twenty-eighth Street, New York

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W. E. HOLDREN, PURCHASING AND ACCOUNTS

September 26, 1917.

My dear Kirby:-

I am sorry that I have not been able to give you more definite information. We have been awaiting hour by hour and day by day a cable from China. Mott cabled to China as follows:

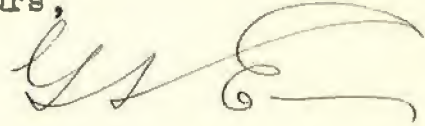
"Would postponement Eddy campaign February 15 to May 15th prove disastrous. None will do as a substitute meeting unparalleled crisis here war work. Brockman, Lockwood, Robertson consulted. Urge release. Consult leaders Shanghai. Reply by telegram finally within forty-eight hours."

No reply has as yet been received. That is not surprising considering conditions and war times. In the meantime, I have tentatively engaged passage on the "Empress of Japan", October 11th, for the three of us. Sam Shoemaker has gone on. At this point of the letter I have just received your wire saying that you are waiting for word to proceed to Vancouver or New York. I hear that cables now take seven days to Shanghai for their return, so we shall not hear at earliest till tomorrow. If they decide to postpone for three months and date our China campaign February 15th to May 15th, which was the original alternative date beginning after China New Year, then I will ask you to come to New York as soon as you find it convenient.

✓ I am in no great rush with work at the moment. I have a bad attack of hay fever and am not able to do as much work as I would like. Fred Harris wanted to publish the book at once. He said it moved him to tears. I have decided to let him have it, omitting the chapter on the Ethics of War, about which I am not yet clear. Leaving out the militarist position as impossible for the Christian, there are still three possible positions left: 1) that of the absolute pacifist, 2) that which maintains that a war like the present is the solemn duty of the Christian, which will be the position of Francis Miller or Robert Speer, and 3) the middle position which I advocate in my paper as it stands at present. Whichever of the three positions I take lands me in insuperable difficulties. As yet I simply do not see the way out and I do not propose either to act or write until I have clear light on the subject. If you are called upon to do any speaking where you are I hope you will do it in your own name without mentioning mine. There is something strange in the position that the absolute pacifist in America

and Russia today has precisely the same message as the German spy so far as refusing to fight and the insistence upon immediate peace. However, we can talk these things over when we meet. I do not propose either to act or speak until I am clear on the matter and I am far from clear at present.

Ever yours,



Rev; Kirby Page,
617 Bethje Street,
Houston, Texas.

*My book is in press and will
be out before long.*

GSE:FO

THE SWORD OR THE CROSS

In any discussion of the ethics of war, a sharp distinction must be drawn between the spirit which lies back of war, and the method by means of which the desired end is sought. We can heartily commend the one while we severely condemn the other; just as we can praise the spirit of those earnest Christians who in their anxiety for the Kingdom of God burned heretics at the stake, while we denounce the method they followed. We are certain that the great majority of the soldiers in the belligerent armies are animated by the very highest of motives, and we are filled with awe and admiration at the thought of the spirit of unselfishness and devotion, the willingness to sacrifice all for the sake of home and country, which is abroad in the land.

Our attitude toward the method of war is not based upon proof-texts or a literalistic interpretation of the Sermon on the Mount, but rather upon the conviction that Jesus' own life, when observed in its completeness, must be the interpretation of His teaching. Nor does our decision rest upon the theory that all use of physical force is wrong. We believe that the use of force is moral or immoral in proportion to its redeeming power upon the persons against whom it is directed.

Undoubtedly, Jesus faced the concrete problem of war and refused to adopt it. His native land was a conquered province of the Roman Empire; Jerusalem was the chief defence of a strategical system of fortifications, and Roman and other foreign soldiers were stationed in all fortresses. The Roman governors, tetrarchs and procurators in Palestine during the days of Jesus were cruel and merciless tyrants - the killing of the babies of Bethlehem by Herod the Great, the beheading of John the Baptist by Herod Antipas, and the crucifying of the only sinless Man by Pilate, being typical examples of their inhumanity. The Jewish people were eagerly expecting a military Messiah, the son of David their war hero, who should deliver them from bondage. Jesus claimed to be the long expected Messiah, and undoubtedly spent much time in serious thought as to the method by means of which the Kingdom should come to pass. It is preposterous to believe that He did not take into account the one method that seemed adequate to His countrymen, namely, the alternative of war.

The question as to whether Jesus could have succeeded in freeing His country from the yoke of Rome was not the deciding factor in His decision. He did not choose His actions in accordance with their probable results. Rather, He followed ideals and principles of life irrespective of their consequences to Himself and His friends. If the method of warfare could have achieved the purpose for which He lived and died, unquestionably He would have acceded to the wishes of His countrymen and adopted it. He refused it because He saw that even apparent success by means of this method would have defeated the very end He sought to attain.

Jesus did not, however, go to the opposite extreme and adopt an attitude of passive unconcern or docile submission in the face of oppression and injustice. He resisted wrong with all the might and power of His being, and is indeed the world's greatest resister. His entire life was spent in redemptive activity, and He sanctions no method that violates the law of redeeming love.

Faith was His invulnerable armor and love His only weapon. The agony on the cross is the culmination of His way of life; the most revolutionary and dynamic way in all history. It is the paradox of the ages: "a stumbling block to the Jews, sheer folly to the Gentiles .. but a Christ who is the power of God and the wisdom of God."

Jesus could not at the same time follow the sword and the cross. They represent two opposing principles of life. The sword produces barbarism, the cross brings tenderness; the sword destroys the sanctity of human life, the cross gives it priceless value; the sword deadens conscience, the cross deepens spiritual perception; the sword causes hatred, the cross compels love; the sword means the attempt to kill your foe, the cross symbolizes the willingness to die in seeking to save your enemy. Thus does the sword differ from the cross.

We believe that Jesus calls men to His way of life, and that He actually means that they should take up their cross and follow Him; that the vicarious principle of the cross is the supreme law of life for every true disciple, that just as Jesus' life was spent wholly in redemptive activity, so must the Christian devote himself entirely to this same work. We do not believe in a dual standard of conduct, one as a citizen and another as a Christian, and we cannot recognize the distinction between the secular and the sacred. If a thing is wrong in principle for Jesus, it is also wrong for His followers. If plunging a bayonet into the quivering flesh of the enemy is wrong for Jesus, it cannot be right for Christians.

The whole trend of the teaching and spirit of Jesus is directly opposed to the all too prevalent doctrine, "The end justifies the means." Whatever else may be involved in the temptations of Jesus, it surely cannot be denied that in each of the three temptations He refused to accept this idea. If by His whole life He refused to countenance it, His followers should do likewise. We believe that it cannot be repeated too often and too emphatically that for the Christian the end should not justify the means.

However high may be the ideals, however noble the motives of those who participate in war, and however righteous may be the end sought, it still remains true that the scalding of men with boiling oil, the burning of men with liquid fire, the poisoning of men with deadly gas, the mangling of men with high explosives, are anti-Christian practices. For the Christian to sanction or to use them is to give validity to the doctrine that the end justifies the means, and to become hopelessly involved in compromise with the way of the world.

We believe in the State and are prepared to obey its laws in so far as they do not violate the higher laws of God, and we feel an obligation to ~~sacrifice~~ serve the State by the highest means within our power. When there is a conflict between the commanding of the state and the principles of Jesus, however, we have no alternative but to follow the way of Jesus, regardless of the consequences. Indeed, we are convinced that loyalty to the State and to the Kingdom alike demand that we follow the way of the cross.

We believe that the principle of the cross is applicable to every situation with which we are confronted and that it is never necessary for a Christian to compromise. War is the direct antithesis of the spirit of Jesus, and participation in it by the Christian involves the forsaking of the way of the cross and the following the way of the world. To participate in war is to confess that sometimes it is necessary to compromise and to follow a method that is anti-Christian. Therefore, we cannot go contrary to the spirit of Jesus and follow a course that He Himself refused to adopt and which is the denial of the supremacy of the way of the cross.

Undoubtedly, the Christian is confronted with situations from which there is no escape save at the cost of great suffering and perhaps the loss of life. In this respect he is only following in the steps of his Master. Jesus frankly warned His disciples of the dangers that would come because of their following His teaching and example. If the Christian people of the various nations had refused to compromise, if they had shown the same spirit of loyalty, sacrifice and utter disregard of consequences which has been displayed by the soldiers in this conflict, if they had staked everything upon the redeeming power of sacrificial and unconquerable love - yes, if they had followed the way of the cross, it would have meant the martyrdom of many; but, we believe, it would have long ago brought this war to an end and would have proved to be the most powerful factor in the healing of the nations.

As to the so-called impracticability of the way of the cross, we are not greatly concerned at this point. By His own actions Jesus showed that He regarded this as the supreme way of life, and although His life ended in failure, as the world measures success, nineteen centuries have proved that He was right. The greatest progress of the human race has come by way of the cross, and we believe that the progress of the Kingdom of God, which is our primary concern, will continue to come by this same method. Therefore, the world's judgment as to the practicability or impracticability of our action has absolutely no bearing whatever upon our decision. We are willing to stake everything upon our conviction that the way of the cross is the supreme way of life for the Christian as well as for his Master. We have faith to believe that no life which follows in His steps can end in failure. National ideals and standards may come and go, but Jesus Christ and His principle of redeeming love and vicarious sacrifice remain the same, yesterday, today and forever.

Kirby Page.

The International Committee of Young Men's Christian Associations

124 East 28th Street, New York.

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT

CENTRAL-WESTERN DISTRICT
1421 ASSOCIATION BUILDING
CHICAGO, ILL.

October 6, 1917.

My dear Ones:

I arrived here on time yesterday at 10:30, after an uneventful trip - I say uneventful and this includes plenty of good old dark colored soil, sometimes known as dirt. Upon reaching the office I found that Mr. Eddy expects to be in this section until the end of the month. I am to be here in Chicago until the 16th and then in Kansas City until the 27th and then back to Chicago for two or three days. Beyond that plans are not yet settled.

The Association is out to raise a fund of thirty-five million dollars for its war work. This is the largest sum ever attempted by any Christian organization at one time, and must be secured within six weeks. The public campaign will come November 11-19, but most of the real work will be done before that time. Mr. Eddy is working with the large givers - for instance, he asked one lady for a quarter of a million yesterday and ~~xxx~~ another one for a hundred thousand.

Mr. Eddy will be finished with his part of the campaign by the first of December and it is barely possible that he will start for China at that time, although it is more likely that he will not leave until after the first of January.

I am rooming at the West Side Y. M. C. A. here, but my mail should be sent to Room 1500 - not 1421 - 19 South La Salle Street, Chicago, Ill. From the 17th to 27th send it care Y. M. C. A., Kansas City, Mo. I have not yet gotten in touch with our friends here but will so within a day or two. I will write a longer letter to each of you soon.

With much love,

Ever affectionately yours,

Kirby

DRAKE UNIVERSITY

JOHN L. GRIFFITH
DEAN OF MEN AND
DIRECTOR OF ATHLETICS

DES MOINES, IOWA.

October 12th, 1917.

Mrs. Kirby Page,
617 Pethje St.,
Houston, Texas.

Dear Mrs. Page:-

I am very sorry that the pin and the cup have not reached you. I placed the order with Schlamp and Joseph Sona and they sent the two articles to your Oklahoma address. No doubt the folks at Oklahoma have them.

I should have looked after this earlier for you, but am out at Camp a great deal these days, where I have taken the work of Divisional Athletic officer and have been forced to neglect some of my other duties.

Sherwood Eddy was here yesterday starting the Iowa People on the new Y.M. campaign for funds. His addresses were wonderfully interesting and helpful. He speaks very highly of Kirby, but he did not need to tell us anything about him.

Thanking you for the picture of the little family. You may be sure that I will always be glad to hear from you folks. With best wishes, I am

Yours cordially,

John L. Griffith

JLG/IB

The International Committee of Young Men's Christian Associations

124 East 28th Street, New York.

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT

CENTRAL-WESTERN DISTRICT
1421 ASSOCIATION BUILDING
CHICAGO, ILL.

October 12, 1917.

Dearest Alma:

I had a long visit with "Dad" Elliott day before yesterday and went over with him the whole question of my future plans, telling of the four alternative I had in mind - church evangelistic work, located pastorate, student secretaryship of Y. M. C. A., or state student secretaryship of the Y. M. C. A. His own personal impression was that the state student secretaryship of the Association would offer the maximum evangelistic opportunity and said there would be no question about my securing one if I wanted it. He also suggested the possibility of the field secretaryship of the Student Department of the International Committee. I feel definitely that I must do evangelistic work, but beyond that I am not yet clear. I am not sure whether I would have the maximum opportunity through the student Y. M. C. A. or through the church directly.

✓ Today I had three hours with Brother Kindred, and of his own accord he suggested that I come to Chicago as City Missionary for our churches - an almost exactly similar position to the one offered by Brother Idleman in New York. Like Idleman he firmly believes that the big city is the place of greatest need and opportunity. He believes there would be a great field for work here in missionary evangelism.

We must set ourselves resolutely to prayer that we may find the Lord's will for us in the whole matter. I feel absolutely clear upon evangelism and am confident that He will lead us into His chosen place in due time. Nothing else really counts.

I had the pleasure of going over the whole question of the ethics of war with Brother Kindred, and to my amazement he comes very nearly agreeing with my whole idea. I am to preach for him Sunday night and twice on Sunday, October 28th. On the night of the 28th I expect to preach upon the ethics of war, with his full consent and permission. I know you will pray especially for these services. I am to preach at Morgan Park on Sunday morning. Am going out to the University now in a few minutes.

Kiss the dearies 'steen million times for daddy. I love you all, oh so much.

I hope you will get a Brownie if you like it better!

Most affectionately yours,

Kirby

Self praise!

"Dad" said he thought my letter did more good than Mr. Eddy's! Kindred said he would trust me even in Chicago University!

Chicago, October 18, 1917.

Dear Max and Harold:

I am heartily ashamed of myself for not having written before. My only excuse is such little things as a five weeks old girl and a twenty-one month old boy and a hundred and ten pound wife. Thus beginneth the story.

When we pulled out of Liverpool we found to our great surprise that Evan Thomas was on the boat. You have doubtless heard from him before this something about the voyage. We really had a wonderful week of it, and I think every last man of us was helped and strengthened. We spent a great deal of time on the old time question of war and you may be sure we had some hot old arguments - trust the stenographer of the party to see to that! On about the third day out Sam flopped over completely to the right side of the fence and has stayed there. This made it three against one - pretty heavy odds. Our discussion was particularly keen because of the fact that GS was working on his book, trying to get it ready for the printers when he landed. On Friday afternoon at three o'clock, before we were to land on Sunday, GS had finished his chapter on the ethics of war and still maintained his former position. That night Sam and I had a really wonderful time of prayer together in our cabin about this one particular thing. We both agreed that we had never felt the living presence of the Christ any more keenly than at that hour. When I met ~~ES~~ on the deck early next morning, I told him about our experience of the previous night, and he replied, "Well, Kirby, I guess your prayer has been answered. I think I am beginning to see some of the places where I have been mistaken." He then went on to explain that he now believed that for the Christian who would fully follow Jesus war was impossible - which is quite some admission when you think from what distance he has had to travel to arrive at that conviction. Do you remember the statement on the boat going over, "I verily believe that the declaration of war by the United States is the direct leading of God." He was still so perplexed about a number of points that he decided to let his book go to press without that chapter. He is now earnestly seeking light upon the whole question and when he comes to a definite decision he is going to print the chapter as a pamphlet-supplement to his book. Personally, I am profoundly grateful that he did not publish his former convictions, as that would have made it exceedingly difficult for him to have changed his views. As it now stands, I have every hope that he will find the truth and that he will commit himself squarely and openly upon the whole question. His present convictions are indicated in the enclosed copy of a letter, which speaks for itself. I also send a copy of my letter of criticism of his present chapter. With how much of it do you agree? I know you will give yourselves unceasingly to prayer that he may find the whole truth - indeed that all of us may find the truth and then follow it without regard to consequences. What a victory for the Kingdom it would be if he could be fully won to this idea - which I am convinced is absolutely true! JRM and FSB seem to have ~~wang~~ swung the other way.

Upon arriving in New York I found that a cable had been sent to Paris informing me that on September 2nd, just two weeks

before I landed, and on our wedding anniversary, Mary Page arrived on the scene. Within four hours I was on the train headed for Houston and may be you think we didn't have a happy old time of it when I arrived at home. Kirby, Jr., recognized his daddy at once, much to my surprise and within a few hours we were regular old cronies. Alma and the little lady were doing first rate. My mother and both brothers were there - the first time we had all been together for eight years - and we had the time of our lives.

I immediately registered and was able within two days to get my exemption papers, on grounds of being an ordained minister and having a dependent family. I expected to leave within two days to catch the boat at Vancouver, but a telegram from Mr. Eddy informed me that the China campaign was likely to be postponed. So I was in Houston for two happy weeks. I say happy, although it was not all roses. You see my old friend Lockhart, pastor of the Christian Church, made the mistake of asking me to speak for him. Thus begins the tale of woe! On Saturday before I was to speak he received a wire that his sister was dying in Indiana, and so he had to leave immediately. One of the elders of the church, a personal friend of mine of nine years standing presided. I had not been talking very many minutes before the bristles were sticking out all over the audience and when I finished my friend the presiding officer "beats it" for the door without so much as saying, "Howde do! How are your wife and babies!" A number of personal friends did not even take the trouble to speak to me, but headed for the door as fast as they could. Some reception! And all because I told the simple truth as I saw it. I spoke again at a different church and received a little warmer welcome, although it could not be called torrid.

The China campaign has been postponed until January or February, so we shall be in this country for a while. I am to speak at two of the Christian churches in Chicago tomorrow, and am to speak twice in the largest Christian Church in the city on October 28th, and with the full consent and permission of the pastor, with whom I talked for three hours yesterday, am to speak at night on "The Christians Attitude Toward War". I had a letter yesterday from my old friend Idleman of the Central Church in New York, inviting me to speak for him when I return to New York. He really didn't know what he was getting into, but of course I shall give him fair warning before speaking. He may think it unwise. I am trying to speak the truth in a loving spirit and I do hope that you will continue to pray for me. Both of you know my weaknesses and sins. Do help me by prayer.

I am eagerly awaiting some word to learn of your plans for the future. I still think as I did when we last talked together. I believe that the words spoken on this subject now will produce compounded returns in the future and will give one the real and full opportunity to speak later - in a way that one could not speak if he kept silent now, it seems to me. You can get me by sending letters to headquarters. I am praying for you daily and want you both to know how much you have helped me and how highly I value your friendship. Alma would join me in sending best wishes if she were here.

Ever yours,

K.P.

617 Bethje St.,
Houston, Texas.
October 15, 1917.

Dear Mother:

Enclosed please find your boy. He is just as big a cutup as he ever was. He had a bad cold the last day or two, but is much better now. In fact, it has been rather cold and so much dry dust has been flying around that it has irritated all colds and sore throats and there has been quite a good bit of both as well as the grippe going the rounds.

I suppose that you have had frost by this time and are busy putting up chow-chow and such things. Mother finally got some figs at Henkes and has made about a dozen quarts of preserves. They certainly do taste good. They are the first I have had for a long time, and we ate a few of them raw, my first for three or four years. Oh, but they were good. The only trouble was that I couldn't get enough. We haven't had any rain here yet and nothing is growing. I picked mother's green tomatoes today and she is going to make some chow-chow, as they would not ripen except one now and then, and we can buy the ripe ones when we want them.

Kirby is still in Chicago but goes to Kansas City Wednesday and stays ten days and back to Chicago. Mr. Eddy is traveling around, but Kirby stays in one center.

Johnnie had several of the girls and two civilians and four soldiers over yesterday afternoon and we had a little music, and a general good time. Wish Perry could have been here. Suppose you are all busy as can be with gathering the crop just now, and hope you make a good fortune from it.

With lots of love, I am,

Yours,

[Box Cole?]

Osaka, Japan.
October 17, '17.

Dear old Kirby:

Your letter written early in August came a couple of weeks ago, and now I am going to get an answer off to meet you on your arrival in China. Gee, Shanghai seems almost as close now as Valley Junction used, and we shall surely see each other in a few months. Of course you will be in Japan a few days and as Osaka is only one hour from Kobe, one of the important ports of call, you can come up and there will surely be some rejoicing over the sinner come back;--- I play the father stunt.

I hope you got my letter with regard to Y.M. work in some capacity in Europe beginning next summer. Sh! sh! don't tell any one but I can get off here in April if necessary, and still leave things in pretty good shape, and could after a month at home be ready for service. I should have to go home first as there is a lady to be considered, whom I have not seen for two years, not to mention the folks, whom I am coming to appreciate more and more the longer I am away from them. I was not expecting to get home before September so do not wish any one in America to know there is a possibility of my coming sooner. There is only one thing that bothers me. I should hate to think, if I went as a secretary, that I was having an easier job than the regular soldiers. Can a fellow feel absolutely that he is giving as much as the poor devil in the trenches?

But now I shall leave the rest of my questions until we see each other, and to rest your mind a little will tell you something of my summer vacation, for even if it is long past it will be new to you, as some of the experiences will always be new to me. Leaving hot, sultry humid, sticky peopled Osaka the middle of July, I hastened to the northernmost island, called Hokkaido or Yezo, making a few stops on the thousand mile jaunt. One of these breaks in the journey came when I reached Fuji, the famous sacred mountain of Japan of which you hear so much and which rises from practically sea-level to a height of over twelve thousand feet. I started up with a blanket and a little grub on my back. Guides were not necessary, for this season of the year literally thousands of pilgrims make their way to the top, not only to get the wonderful panorama extending a hundred miles in every direction, but because on the very summit is a Shinto shrine which because it is difficult to reach, has more power to cleanse the soul of man.

Imagine if you can, a great pile of ashes towering two miles high in the air, cone shaped, with here and there near the top great splotches of snow, and you have some idea of Fuji, the largest extinct volcano in the Empire. Most of the way, after one leaves the plain which forms the base, there is not a tree or shrub of any kind,--- nothing but reddish-brown lava thru which

you plow your way. Going up, one follows a well-marked zigzag path, but when he starts back he runs slipping and sliding straight down the mountain side, about five or six feet at a step, sinking ankle deep in the cinders.

To be far above the clouds and to have them completely shut out all the world below, leaving one alone on what appears to be the only island in a limitless sea of white rolling nothingness, gives one a feeling of awe which is not comparable to any other experience I have ever had. It makes one realize anew the wonderfulness of nature.

Or to be toiling up the deserted path in the coolness of the early morning when the stars are still bright in the sky and the night shadows have only partially given way to the coming of dawn, and when everything is so lonely and still that one feels he of all the world of yesterday lives, gives one a feeling of the presence of God which lifts his soul to the very height of spiritual ecstasy. I had both of these experiences when I started out from a little hut two thirds of the way to the top where I had spent the night, and begun to climb at a little after four in the morning. Then a short time afterwards just as the great red sun tipped the horizon, the stillness was broken by the staccato-like sound of the clapping of hands. For a moment I could see no one, but turning around and looking up I saw a man far above me bowing in reverence, worshipping the sun goddess, perhaps the favorite divinity of the Japanese people.

Skipping a number of interesting experiences which I do not have time to write but which I shall tell you when we meet again, I want to take you with me to an Ainu village in that northern island which I mentioned as the objective point of the summer's trip. The Ainu, as you may perhaps know, are, according to such authorities as Dr. Starr of Chicago, a part of the WHITE race, being of Aryan stock. Once they occupied all the islands of Japan but were finally pushed north and more north until they got as far north as they could go, and there they stopped. Fifteen years ago they numbered some forty thousand but now there remain less than seventeen thousand, and from all appearances they will soon be entirely extinct, due to many causes, probably the most important one being the havoc wrought by sake (a whiskey made from rice) which the Japanese government allows them to buy freely. To actually be among a group of people of the WHITE RACE WHO had been defeated in the struggle for existence by the Yellow Race, make me stop to ponder concerning our arrogance and assumption that because we have a fair skin we are therefore predestined to be dictators in the world thru time and eternity.

Pardon me, philosophy isn't allowed, I'll go on with the story. The Ainu are good looking, and something which strikes you at once is the abundance of their hair which is black, slightly wavy, and long. Unlike the Japanese, they are also lazy and dirty, farming and hunting just enough to barely exist. Having come to the end of a small narrow gauge railroad, my friend and I started to walk seven miles up a valley to Peratori, a town of some eight hundred inhabitants, half Japanese and half Ainu. While stopping at a sort of general store by the roadside we met two old men and

received our first AINU greeting, which I imitated as nearly as possible. They began rocking back and forth, with their elbows out and hands, palms up, almost touching, raising them to their foreheads three or four times. Following this, they stroked their beards, and then rubbed the back of one hand with the palm of the other,---some greeting. After "snapping" them, we hurried on, arriving at the main village about six o'clock. In the dirty narrow street were many women and children, and a few men. The women were preparing the food for the evening meal in exactly the same way they have been doing for centuries. Into a large wooden mortar millet had been placed, and armed with heavy wooden pestles, three women, sometimes with a man assisting, pounded the grain until the hulls were removed. Afterwards the cereal was boiled, suspended over the fire-hole in the middle of the floor, and then together with a few vegetables, formed the evening meal. Such primitive mills were being operated in front of nearly every house.

As both my friend and I wanted badly to stay one night with these interesting folks if it were at all possible, we soon separated to try our luck separately. After about a half hour's vain attempt to get into some house, (they are one room, one windowed, grass sided, thatched roofed affairs) I had about give up and was walking along the main street when a queer looking old man came hastily thru the door way of a sake shop (saloon) and approached me with a arms outstretched, acting as if we were long lost friends. Altho quite active, his dirty white hair and beard, together with the crook in his back, marked him as an old man, while a bright yellow two inch bark band encircling his brow gave him a most regal appearance. But for the life of me I could not remember ever having had the honor of his acquaintance before. Well, he took my big hand in his little shrivelled ones and dancing around on his bow legs, used a lot of jargon which I could not have made out had I had a dozen Japanese-English dictionaries, Only two words I understood, "Bekoku Ichimsta",---I have been to America. You mean, "I am drunk", I thought. Hastily pulling out my ever-ready phrase book, I began to say all the nice things I could find in it, or rather, I read them to him. Whether he understood or not, I can't say, but the general impression seemed to be good for he continued to act the part of the father to his prodigal son. When his happiness had partially subsided, I suggested that I should like to visit his honorable home. It took some time to get the right idea into his mind, but when at last a look of comprehension dawned on his countenance, he was off down the street as fast as he could wobble, turning around from time to time to see if I was following. Of course I started after him, but his pace was comparatively rapid that he was soon out of sight and I had to find his house thru the aid of some children, after momentary fears that I had completely lost track of him.

The old tumble-down house was Japanese style, but thoroughly AINU so far as dirt was concerned. Dividing the interior into two parts, were paper doors, and one half of the building was occupied by a low class bunch of Japanese, while my host occupied the remainder. Since it was almost dark I had some difficulty in securing a clear idea of my surroundings, for the only light was

that shed by a smoky oil burner, plus the faint flicker of the fire in a hole in the center of the floor. With much excitement I was introduced to the man's wife, a poor blind old woman who sat on the floor with her knees pulled up under her chin, and with silver bracelet-size earrings suspended from the lobes of her ears. Like the man, her hair was faded yellow-gray. She also seemed glad to "see" me, as did a most pleasant-faced, strong, muscularly built, soft-voiced young woman who seemed to be a member of the household. When they had spread a mat on the floor I sat down, going over what Japanese I knew, most of the time saying "I am very happy". In return, my new friend repeatedly said, "I have been to America". Thinking there must be something to it, I questioned him and finally learned that he and his wife had actually been taken to the World's Fair at St. Louis by Dr. Starr, of the U. of C.

While we were talking, the kettle and the pan containing the evening meal, both hanging suspended over the fire, boiled and simmered; the room grew darker; the smoke from the fire, there being no outlet for it, became more noticeable; and the women worked with some bark which they were preparing to use as rope or thread, and sewed. Finally I asked if I might stay for supper but they quickly replied that they were sorry there was nothing for me to eat. True. Happily I had a tin of beef and a chunk of bread in my knapsack so I washed that down with some tea which they kindly gave me. After supper the conversation dragged a little due to the fact that neither of us knew the language of the other, and it did not seem well for me to any longer repeat my little phrase "I am happy".

Altho only four or five feet away, the forms of the three other folks in the room seated around the fire were quite indistinct. Suddenly the young woman, Anopa San, began to sing in a sweet plaintive voice, but when she saw I was watching her, she stopped. After much persuasion she began another tune which sounded strangely familiar to me. I caught it at last; the words came back to me, and sitting there on the floor in the semidarkness we sang together the chorus of "Whiter Than Snow", she using the Ainu language and I English. It thrilled me to think of the bond of Christianity which drew us so closely together and I understood better the world-wide appeal of Jesus and the comfort these old songs bring to the hearts of all peoples. Some years before, she had worked in the home of a missionary who has given his life in service to the Ainu race, Dr. Batchelor, but for some reason had come back to be with her people, and to live their life.

About nine o'clock we went to bed, that is the other folks disappeared into a hole in the wall which must have led to some little closet, and I rolled up in my steamer rug on the floor, with a pneumatic rubber pillow under my head. In less than ten minutes I was asleep, and continued in that state until about eleven when I was awakened by some young fellow pulling open the door near me and sticking a Japanese lantern in my face. For about four minutes we held an animated discussion, neither understanding what the other was saying, and with voices from other parts of the house adding to the general effect. I thought he was a police coming to make me go to the hotel, where I did not want to go, and whatever he did want he apparently soon gave up hopes of getting it, for he talked a little more and left.

Until four thirty I slept fairly soundly in spite of the fact that during the night I had received ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY SIX FLEA BITES, as an authentic count made the next night, with the help of Bridgeman, my travelling companion, showed. At this early hour, everybody else having put in a dishevelled appearance, I unrolled and was ready to receive callers, having spent the night with most of my clothes on. Thru the kindness of my host, who had sent to the neighbors and told them I would like to buy any old things they had to sell, they began to come by five, and from then on until eight thirty I was busy bargaining and eating the remainder of my dry bread and canned beef. At the end of the ordeal I found I had quite a collection of curious, including a small mat, pair of earrings supposed to be eighty years old, arrow case and arrows forty years old, mustache lifters that had seen a half a century's usage, bark basket, bark ropes, etc.

When I had bought everything that appealed to me, I took pictures of the most interesting folks, and said goodbye. Having occasion to return to Ponisaku's house a little later, I found him gone, and his wife squatting on the ground in an old tumbledown hut nearby, weaving a bark rug. The Japanese missionary who chanced to be with me did not seem to like the Ainu any more than they liked him, and whenever he spoke to the old lady she snarled at him in a way that reminded me of a wildcat. I was surprised that she should remember my voice, but she did and when I spoke to her, fondled my hand in hers and half cried like some dear old childish grandmother in America. When I said goodbye she drew her first finger across her upper lip, the most polite farewell she knew.

As I turned from the door there came over me, as there so often does in Japan, the sense of the physical and spiritual poverty of the masses of the Orient, and the yearning to in some way help them, altho the task at times seems almost hopeless. Certainly nothing short of love as exemplified in the life of Jesus can ever lift them very far, or materially change the condition under which they are forced to live.

October 24,

Since this letter was begun a bunch of visitors have been here and everything had to be sidetracked until their departure. Also a second copy of your Aug. 8 th. letter came. This one had the polite query, "Why the Sam Hill don't you write?" tacked on to it. All of which makes me afraid that some of my letters are not reaching you, so I shall give you a little more information concerning the possible Y.M. work I thought might be open, (which I spoke of in a former epistle). I would like to go to France to be connected with our own soldiers and also because I want to learn about the needs of that part of the world as a background for deciding where I can best work permanently, and since I must go home for a short visit before I can undertake work in any war zone, France would be as close as any other country. In a recent talk with Gleason, the Y.M. secy. here, he tells me I can leave as soon as I wish and that he will do everything to

help me go and will even write to Hibbard to try and place me; so if necessary I can be able to leave Japan by the last of January, depending upon financial arrangements. If I pay my own expenses to the Coast I would have to work here a couple of months longer to earn the money; if I had to pay them to Iowa it would take one more month, unless I borrowed the money. Since you have a slight acquaintance with me and know the work so well in Europe I thought you would know exactly what I can do least poorly and if there is need for my services could put me somewhere. I am not worrying much about how hard the work is, and I shall be perfectly willing to promise to stay one year. Should there be anything open, enlighten me slightly about the salary, expenses etc. so I can see where I would come out on future Univ. work.

Also, does the Y.M. have anything to do with placing Chaplins?
And what are the chances?

How long will you be in China? If everything goes right I am coming over there for a couple of weeks during the Christmas vacation.

Now I am going to stop. For once you have gotten a real letter from me, at least so far as length is concerned. Incidentally I shall send a couple of snaps, you may take your choice, and I assure you they are really John Silas, altho you might doubt the one with the stove-pipe hat.

Write as soon as convenient
as I would like to begin making definite arrangements.

Yours with lot of happy memories,

Rep.

33 Kawaguchi Cho, Osaka, Japan.

CORRESPONDENT IN FRANCE TAKES UP ARGUMENT

SAYS RETURNED Y. M. C. A.
WORKER IS HOPELESS-
LY WRONG.

INFORMATION HEARSAY

Report That American Soldiers
Are Guilty of Atrocious Acts Is
Not Well Founded—Are
Fighters, But Only in the
Cause of Humanity.

(By George T. Bye.)

With the American Forces in the
Field in France (via London) Oct.
29.—A copy of the Houston Chronicle
of September 23rd having just reached

of paper
me, I wish to comment on a talk in
Houston by Kirby Page, a Y. M. C. A.
worker returned from France, re-
ported in that paper, and probably
repeated elsewhere.
Mr. Page is quoted as saying that
the Allies have been guilty of "atroci-
ous acts as bad as the conduct of
the Germans," adding, "of course,
these stories do not pass the censor."
Page is hopelessly wrong. His in-
formation, coming from hearsay at
some distance back of the lines, must
have been gossip started by German
agents. The fiends he speaks of I
found to be mild-eyed boys and men,
hopeful to be home soon with their
families and at peaceful work, many
of them showing photographs of
wives and mothers, and a bashful few
of them even producing worn baby
shoes. It may seem like maudlin fic-
tion to speak of the baby shoes, but I
am not the only one who has come
across them.
Instead of being "demons in human
form," with the

From Sherman
(Texas)
Daily Democrat

Oct 29
1917

sewer that might contaminate the life
of his people.

I have met nearly every American
newspaper correspondent in France
and England, have discussed with
them the occasional awkwardness of
the censorship, but have not heard a
single complaint that stories of Allied
atrocities have been suppressed. These
men, as well as myself, have been at
and along the front. Our only limi-
tation is a professional incapacity to
place before America an adequate idea
of German infamy, of the persistent
brutality of the Hun and the consist-
ent restraint of his enemies.

If we criticise the Allies, it is for
having been too slow in adopting the
horrible devices of warfare Germany
has forced upon a civilization which
must use every means in its power to
retaliate or be lost.

As to systematic atrocities such as
Germany uses against the conquered
civilian population, these the Allies
have had no opportunity to imitate
and are not going to imitate when they
have the opportunity. German de-
serters are not mistreated, as Mr.
Page alleges. They are welcomed by
British and French as erring human
beings who have seen the light, and
are given the same humane treat-
ment accorded to all prisoners of war
by the Allies, infinitely more humane
than that of the prisoners in Ger-
many, if anything, too humane.

If some quite uncensored state-
ments on these matters are wanted I
would refer Mr. Page and all to the
Rev. Burris A. Jenkins, pastor of the
Linwood Boulevard Christian church,
Kansas City, Mo., who has just re-
turned home after six months in
England, France and Italy, much
the time on the firing line.

Kansas City, Mo., October 22, 1917.

Dear Friends:

Instead of being on the Trans-Siberian Railway bound for China as I had expected to be when I wrote last, I am here. We left Paris intending to cross the North Sea and proceed by way of Russia to China, but when we reached London we found that the Germans had captured Riga and were threatening railway communications from Petrograd to Moscow. Consequently, there was nothing else to do but to start for China by way of American and the Pacific.

On the second day out from Liverpool I was sitting in the reading room when someone called out, "Submarine!" As I rushed out on the deck I heard the cry, "Torpedo astern!" Doing a hundred yard dash down the deck I reached the stern in time to hear the officer exclaim, "It just missed us!" And a moment later one of our four inch guns barked its farewell greeting to the invisible enemy. Later we learned that our watchman had seen the torpedo headed directly for the middle of our ship and had given the signal to the engineer who swung us around just enough for the deadly missile to pass in our wake. As I stood there with my ears ringing from the report of the gun, I could not help thinking of the hundreds of other boats that were not missed, with the consequent terrible suffering and appalling loss of life.

This was only the climax of a series of experiences that have so vividly impressed the war upon me that I shall never be able to free my mind of it. I hate war with every ounce of energy that I have and I am convinced that in its very nature it is utterly anti-Christian and that it violates the fundamental principles for which Jesus Christ gave His life on the Cross. For fourteen months now I have been agonizing on this question of whether war is ever justifiable for the Christian and I have written down my convictions at some length. Enclosed herewith is a brief summary of my position. I should be pleased to correspond at greater length with any who are vitally interested in this theme.

Upon landing at New York I found that a cable which I had been expecting had been sent just after I had left Paris. It read: "Mary arrived September 2nd." Within four hours I was on the train for Houston and you may be sure that we had a glorious time together. Alma and the little lady were both doing well, and Kirby Jr. remembered his daddy. My mother and both brothers and all of Alma's folks were there, and we had a happy time of reunion. I had expected to be there only a couple of days before joining Mr. Eddy at Vancouver. However, I received a wire saying that the National War Work Council of the Y. M. C. A. had just adopted a budget of \$35,000,000, and were cabling China asking if the campaign there could be postponed in order that Mr. Eddy might aid in this great campaign. The China campaign has been postponed until February, and I was able to spend two weeks in Houston.

I have just spent ten days in Chicago and had the privilege of preaching for my old friends at Morgan Park and also for Brother Kindred at Englewood. I am to be in Kansas City until the 30th and will be able to attend part of the Convention. I am staying at the Y. M. C. A. and hope to see many old friends. After Nov. 1st I should be addressed at 124 East 28th St., New York City, until the end of the year when we expect to leave for China.

Ever sincerely yours,

R. P.

Kansas City, Mo., Oct. 30, 1917.

Alma Dearie:

I have been having a most delightful and profitable week. In addition to the friends whose names I mentioned in my last letter I have seen Walt Girdner, Wm. Melendy, Brother Kindred, Carl Wilhelm, the Englewood chap who came out to the house in Morgan Park to see me about Y. M. C. A. work in China, and others whose names you would not recognize.

Saturday morning about twenty of us old Drake got together to talk over the situation there. It is pretty bad indeed. They are having a regular old free for all scrap, with Pres. Bell and Brother Medbury on one side, and Dean Norton, Dr. Martin, Prof. Clark, Prof. Herriott on the other. I find myself in this frame of mind, I am absolutely against Pres. Bell's remaining but I am for Brother Medbury. Furthermore, I am for Martin and against Norton. It is a bad mess and I am afraid there is going to be an open scandal before long.

We had a great time at the Drake Reunion Banquet with more than two hundred present. From the enclosed program you will notice that I was the last speaker. I got up at 4:45 Sunday morning and caught an early train out to the little place where John Hutchings preaches, where half the countryside was out to the service. I spoke very plainly indeed, but it was received with more cordiality than in some other places where I have spoken. Sunday afternoon I spoke at the Central Y. M. C. A. in Kansas City and on the whole I think we had a profitable meeting. Dean Haggard, Prof. Kinney and several Drakes were present at this meeting.

There are persistent rumors to the effect that Brother Medbury is going to resign from University Place Church. I had three hours with Brother Kindred yesterday and we had a delightful visit together. I think Sam Kincheloe is the only one of the fellows that has been impressed with my statement concerning the ethics of war - and he is by no means convinced as yet. It's an uphill job, believe me. I think Fred Hughes and Harry Leach are about half sore at me because of my position. Taken altogether this has been a most profitable and pleasant week of fellowship. I am leaving tonight to spend Wednesday and Thursday in St. Louis, and then go to Cincinnati, Ohio, care of the Y. M. C. A., where I will be until the 6th, arriving in New York on the 7th.

I do hope that all is going well with you and the little dearies. You are always in my thoughts and prayers and I long to see you again. Give my best love to the folks.

You and Me.

Once more the bugles sound the call

For you and me. You went to face the foe
Where death lurks neath the battle's pall:

You paid the debt supreme which all men owe.
The sacred brand was given you

To yield, you struck the blow in Freedom's name -
No murmur - just a smile - the dew

Upon the grass was red - YOU played the game.

But I, secure within my moneyed walls

Strong built upon the lives of such as yours,
I count the cost and measure up the calls

With dollars strung ~~xxxx~~ a-row. Not what endures
But snug regard for craven gain or loss

In goods of moth and rust bespeak my love.
You gave your life - for me mere sordid dross

Wringe great silurian tears. May God above
Have mercy. Human mind cannot essay

The depths to which hypocrisy and greed
Have plunged my soul. The bugles call today!

The laurel, yours - for me a traitor's weed.

November 1917.

Leo G. Schussman.
Blue Lake, Calif.